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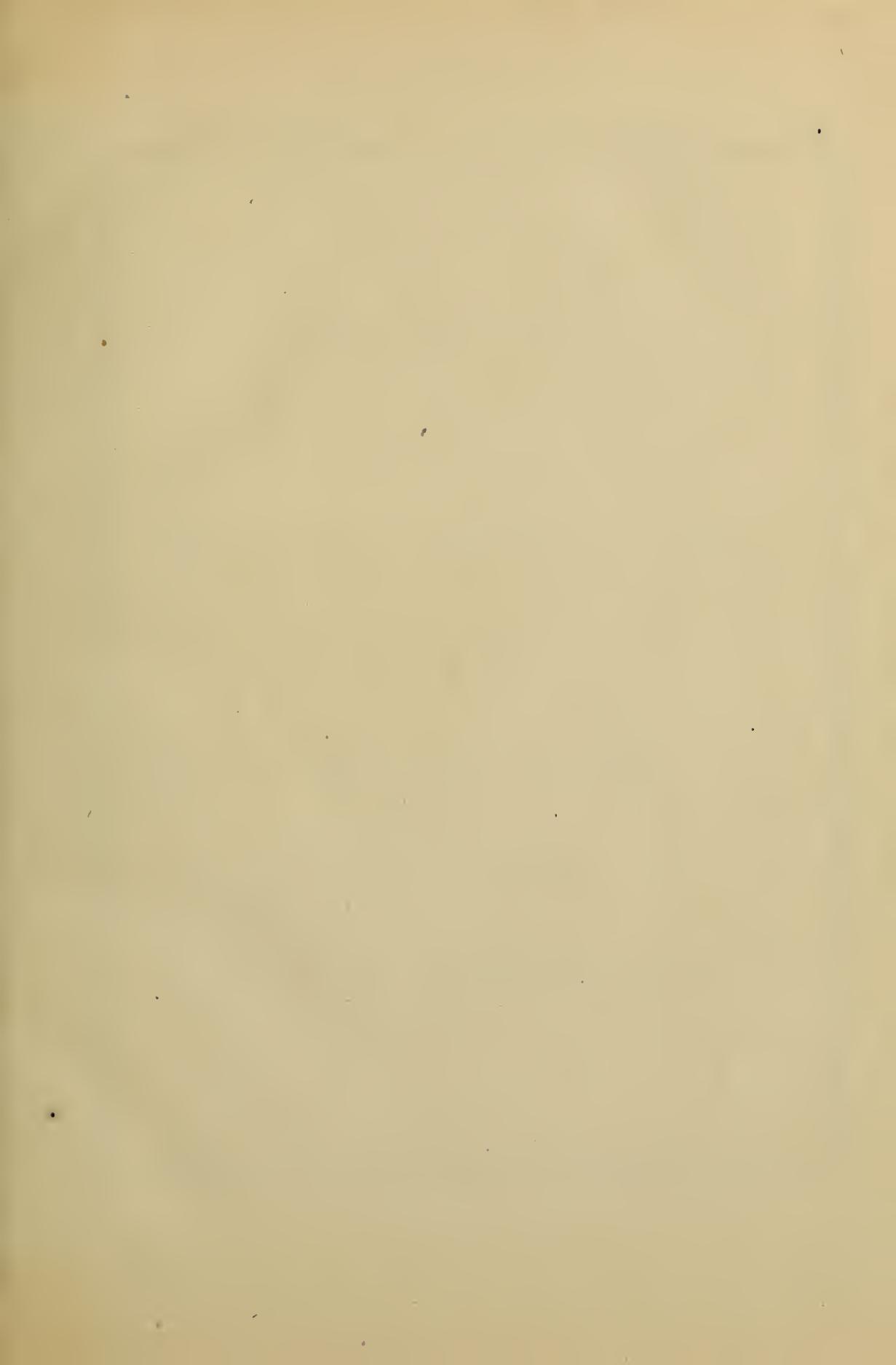
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In Memory

OF

MARIA ADELAIDE,

Wife of

DANIEL VAN MATRE,

Born in Cincinnati,

May 11, 1807. Died September 12, 1869.

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WHEN such a life, so excellent, so blameless, so devoted, is brought to its peaceful close, some recollections of its beauty should be gathered for those who shall come after.

The beloved one who has so lately been parted from us was exemplary in every relation of her long life. She was an affectionate daughter and sister, a faithful wife, and a tender mother. To her brothers and sisters she was ever an affectionate friend and counselor, and their early respect and

love increased with every additional proof of her tenderness and judgment. The grief of those who survive her testifies to the excellence of her youth.

The voice of her husband, which would have praised her, is silent; but the unbroken harmony of the years they passed together, shows the character of her middle life. She knew best of any the excellence of him whose loss she faithfully mourned, and she herself writes, in describing her married life: "I have enjoyed much of happiness. As a wife, the first trial was widowhood; for in all my married life, no alienation was ever between me and my excellent husband."

Her children best know the beauty of her declining years, and they "call her blessed." They remember her devotion, her tenderness, her unselfishness, with a grief which can not be expressed; and their hope is, since she can not return to them, that they may go to her. The mother is at rest forever with the Lord, and thither upward ascend the hopes of those who have been left behind. Her death was a sharp and sudden blow to those by whom she was most dearly loved. The bright, warm, active, loving spirit fled away and left them desolate. "Jesus, Savior of my soul," she said, "let me to Thy bosom fly," and that instant she went to the

happy place which He had prepared for her.

There she rejoined the company of so many dear ones who had departed in the faith before her.

"I seem to have been forgotten," she said, when she remembered how few remained of those who were present at her wedding. "The evening was such as this," she writes, "with its bright moon, and cool weather. I am almost the only one remaining of the large number who were present.

The bridegroom then, and the husband of more than a quarter of a century, is gone, with the father and mother of both, and brothers and sisters, and friends that were near and dear. How sadly I think of them, and feel as if I had been

forgotten in being still here. Oh ! that I may be led by these instances of mortality, so closely connected with me, to set my house in order, and be ready when my time draws near."

Mrs. Van Matre was born, and died, in Cincinnati. Her father, Judge Henderson, was one of its original residents, and was esteemed among its men of eminence and gifts. Her own history, therefore, was co-existent with that of this city ; and her knowledge of its early settlers, who were her neighbors and friends, was exceedingly varied and interesting. The peculiar difficulties and trials incident to a pioneer life in the West, doubtless had their influence in forming her unselfish and

sincere character. She never sought distinction, or repeated praises of herself; but modest as she was, she could not have been insensible to the great love which all who knew her felt for her. Her praises came like a soft shower in benediction upon the hearts of her children, when friend after friend came to weep with them, lamenting a common loss. Her religious life expressed itself to others chiefly in magnanimous judgment, cordial friendship, and unselfish love; but she has left many papers in which she has recorded the thoughts of her soul, for no eye but her own.

Her death came as a surprise to herself and family; but it had been her habit for years “to

pass no day without some thought of death ; ” and after the first silent, solemn struggle, she exclaimed, in a feeble voice : “ The sting of death is all gone—all gone.” Then after repeating the “ Lord’s Prayer,” and the hymns, “ Jesus, Savior of my soul,” and “ I would not live alway,” she fell asleep—asleep in Christ.

How few could leave the world in such entire peace and love ! Her place can never be filled, but her memory will always be precious.

We stood beside her open grave, on that sweet autumn afternoon, and heard the cheering, tender words of our Lord, “ I am the Resurrection and the Life,” which gave us hope of a Heavenly

Recognition. And as we turned away from where she was, beside her husband, our eye caught the inscription on his tomb and hers, equally fitting for both: "Blessed are the Peace-makers."

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